

Should you ask us why this dunning?  
Why these sad complaints and murmurs?  
Murmurs loud about delinquents,  
Who have read the paper weekly,  
Read what they have never paid for,  
Read with pleasure and with profit,  
Read of church affairs and prospects,  
Read the news both home and foreign,  
Read the essays and the poems,  
Full of wisdom and instruction;  
Read the table of the markets,  
Carefully corrected weekly—  
Should you ask us why this dunning?

From the printer, from the mailer,  
From the kind old paper maker,  
From the landlady, from the "devil,"  
From the man who taxes letters  
With a stamp of Uncle Samuel—  
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him;  
From them all there comes a message—  
Message kind but fully spoken,  
"Please to pay the bill you owe us."

Sad it is to hear the message,  
When our funds are all exhausted,  
When the last greenback has left us,  
When the nickels all have vanished;  
Gone to pay the paper maker,  
Gone to pay the tolling printer,  
Gone to pay the landlady's tribute,  
Gone to pay the clerk and devil,  
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,  
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—  
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—  
Gone to pay for beef and piglet,  
Gone to pay off faithful parson.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,  
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,  
Turn and see what sums are due us,  
Due for volumes long since ended,  
Due for years of pleasant reading,  
Due for years of anxious labor,  
Due despite our patient waiting,  
Due despite our constant dunning,  
Due in sums from three to twenty,

Would you lift a burden from us?  
Would you drive a specter from you?  
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?  
Would you have a quiet conscience?  
Would you read a paper paid for?  
Send us money—send us money,  
Send us money—send us money,  
SEND THE MONEY THAT YOU OWE US—  
—Oneida Dispatch.

## THE COST OF A TRAIN.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said the officer with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife," "Nothing was farther from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madam, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred rubles—I cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; the dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale. "You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred rubles, and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was; but, stepping close up to them both, he said, with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a—poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune, except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing to pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true, you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now just in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestations on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help the matter. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court-room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

## The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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After waiting sometime, the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the lateness of the hour, and being required on duty, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice this lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. Madam would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she may find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demanded two hundred rubles in payment for my torn dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately, I am poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

An unbroken silence reigned throughout the hall, and the young officer's breath could be heard coming hard.

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the row of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequences of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury to his rank and position as an officer, and especially as he is an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but, as could be seen by the way she held her head and the energy with which she shook it, quite uselessly. The judge was just going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the two hundred rubles at the service of the defendant."

There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself by the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W., and beg you will oblige me by accepting the loan of the two hundred rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I do not know if I shall ever be able to repay the loan," answered the young man in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money, at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each, and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting of the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and, turning toward the lady, handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madam, you are satisfied."

With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes; now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators she prepared to leave the court-room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madam," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

The look that the young woman cast upon him was as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address, and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madam, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

mediately," A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order! order!" "What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife can not undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you, sir, in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good, madam, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent, and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law my own property—the dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge then appealed to, decided properly.

"The officer is right, madam. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress myself here before all these people, and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—"

"A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid."

"Take your money back, and leave me my dress."

"Oh, no, madam; that dress is now worth more than two hundred rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?" "Two thousand rubles," said the officer, firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband promptly responded.—"I have here five hundred rubles. Give me pen and paper and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

Query: Did the lady ever again let her train sweep the street?—*Harper's Bazar.*

## The Drunkard's Baby.

The Richmond Advocate tells a touching story of a little girl, just three years old, and endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness both of person and disposition, who had been so terrified by the drunkenness of her father, that she cried out to a friend who was taking leave of her mother, "O please take me home with you, and hide me, so papa can't find me."

What a world of woe is contained in the plaint of this poor babe! And what a tragedy in home life it reveals. The most loving thing in all the world, the most trusting, the most confiding, and the most innocent in its helplessness, is made to turn in an agony of apprehension from the one on whose bosom she should naturally rest in perfect truthfulness, sure of his protecting love. O ruin, who can tell the pitiful scenes for which thou art responsible—the love thou hast quenched, the hopes thou hast wrecked, the hearts thou hast broken, the homes thou hast desolated, the graves thou hast dug!

Recently samples of mud containing silver were sent to San Francisco. At first there was a pretense of secrecy as to where the stuff came from; but later a company of capitalists were told that Mud Springs, Oregon, was the place that yielded such richness. These men were cautious, and would not invest any money before an investigation. They sent some of the mud to Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, who informed them that the silver had been added by human agency, and had evidently passed through a quartz mill. The authors of the fraud are to be prosecuted.

Vanderbilt's will gives about five millions to different members of the family and a few others, and the remainder, estimated at some eighty millions, to his son, William H. Vanderbilt.

## Education.

Education is the work of preparation for a life of active usefulness. Knowledge which unfits youth for such a life ought not to be imparted in public schools.

If every young man in the land could be given a university course, and every young woman be "finished" in the same way, would the activity and usefulness of each one be correspondingly increased? No one believes it. It is a matter of common observation that many are unfitted for life by being "crammed" with learning that they have never learned; and that many a tradesman and mechanic has been spoiled by being lazily furnished with a professional outfit.

To properly educate youth, then, there must come a period in their instruction when they shall be taught that which will best develop their native qualities, and best train them for the active use of their native endowments. Any plan of general education which interferes with this is in itself fatally defective.

There are certain branches of education familiarity with which is essential to the active usefulness of every one. Public education at public expense, ought to be limited to those branches.

Many schools are but institutions for the development of snobbery; for the cultivation of genteel puppets, too well educated for the vulgar occupations of labor, too poorly educated to know how to employ their abilities to the best advantage.

The common schools of the land should be thorough in every department of common education. One of the saddest reflections in connection with modern ideas of education is the thought that it is coming to be regarded as "horrid vulgar" to be rooted and grounded in an ordinary English education; and that "the thing" is to be able to stammer French badly, and to shuffle through German to the delight of "poor relation."

Imitation in art is a sign of degenerate taste. Elaborate and meaningless decorations are grossly offensive. Tawdry "education" is as disgusting as tawdry dress; and they generally go together.

From the point where a thorough education in all common branches ends, the lines diverge upon which youth ought to be educated, in order to fit them for the highest usefulness. The sooner one begins special preparation for his peculiar calling, the better. It is, therefore, manifestly a great wrong for the State to encourage youth to waste the years in which they ought to be fitting themselves for peculiar spheres of usefulness, in superficial study of branches which it is more than probable they will never need.

It is only a small fraction of the community which can afford the time to acquire that very thin veneering and to bedaub themselves with the very poor varnish which is used in some schools to cover up the fearfully defective education in useful learning which all ought to have. This veneering and varnishing soon rub off in contact with the world, and then the shallow young man or young woman is left without visible support, to drift through a dreary life, ruined in the very act of preparation for it.

There is a gross inequality in schools provided at the public expense. This inequality ought to be removed. There is useless confusion in our educational system as a whole, which ought to be remedied.

The efforts of the Regents of the University to improve the Colleges and Universities of the State cannot be too strongly commended. If like efforts were to be made to define the boundaries and increase the usefulness of the public school system, the jargon which now passes for education would disappear.

There is great room for improvement in schools of the intermediate grade. How this can be reached is an open question. It is eminently desirable, however, that there be a general recognition of the fact that grave defects now exist. The complaint is wide-spread; the remedy should be promptly applied.—*Albany Argus.*

The New York Central Railroad has 557 locomotives, 416 passenger cars, 215 baggage, mail and express cars, 15,310 freight cars. The freight cars, if stretched along in a line, would reach about 120 miles, and some 30 miles are in motion each day.

## The Moral Effect of Hurry.

To the thoughtful, says the London *Lancet*, the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very saddening; to the physician their results are a matter of profound concern; their grave evils come under his daily observation. No evolution of force can take place with undue rapidity without damage to the machine in which the transformation is effected. Express railway stock has a much shorter term of use than that reserved for slower traffic. The law is universal that intensity and duration of action are inversely proportioned. It is therefore no matter of surprise to find that the human nervous system is no exception to the law. The higher salubrity of rural over urban life is not entirely a matter of air and exercise. Rural life involves leisure and pause in work, which are very essential to the maintenance of the nervous system in a state of due nutrition. Unremitting spasm soon ceases altogether. The tension of life produces weakness at the very place where strength is most needed. The damage done to the health of the most valuable part of the community, the best trained thinkers, most useful workers, is incalculable. Work and worry, though not proportional, are closely connected, an excess of the former soon entails an increase in the latter beyond the limits which the nervous system can bear with impunity, especially under the conditions under which work has to be done. The machinery and organizing the work of a community had to be rigid and inflexible, and in the strain involved in bringing a changing organism into harmony with a machine, the former must inevitably suffer.

The true method.—The world, if ever it is to be reformed by men, and through men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles, not dead ones. Love, meekness, kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere descriptions of these sentiments, or essays upon them can alone regenerate man. Neither money, nor schools, nor Churches, can ever be substituted for living men. No ministers going their rounds like policemen with black clothes and white neckties; nor elders taking statistics, nor deacons giving alms, or ladies tracts; all good, but we want Christians, whether they be smiths, or shoemakers, or tailors, or grocers, or coach-drivers, or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their own immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good.—*Norman Macleod.*

An Old Yew Tree.—The oldest yew tree in England, which is situated in Cowhurst churchyard, was mentioned by Aubrey in the reign of Charles I. as then measuring ten yards in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground. Its present girth is about thirty-three feet. Humboldt in his *Aspects of Nature*, mentions this tree, and it is stated on the authority of De Candolle, to be 1,450 years old. The old tree was hollowed out about the year 1820, when a cannon-ball was found in the centre, which is preserved in a neighboring farm-house, and in 1825 the upright branches were blown off by a great storm. The covering around it was fired in 1850. A door has been made to the inside of the tree, where there are seats which will accommodate twelve persons comfortably. At all appearance it looks likely to survive several more years. The church was built in 1304.

In England they are getting nearer to the root of that dreadful disease, drunkenness. At a recent temperance meeting in his diocese, the Bishop of Ely stated that he attributed drunkenness in poor men not to a desire for liquor, but to the comfort of the public house and the discomfort of their homes.

Rev. Drs. Taylor, Storrs, Buntington, Spaulder, Palmer, Hepworth, Coe, Olney, Martin, Ward, and several other clergymen of New York and Brooklyn, have united to form a new local Congregational Association, the most of them having withdrawn from the old association in consequence of its indorsement of Beecher.

Jokes are like nuts—the drier they are the better they crack.

## Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash which, in the beginning had been the golden bandage of God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of malevolence, all because of the small words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrongs, and deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the strings they cannot see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.—*Ed.*

## Quiet Charities in New York.

The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* observes that there is a great deal of private charity in New York, and huge sums are donated by princely men and women that never come to the surface. "A leading banker told me yesterday that his donations to his own church the past year were \$125,000. A Scotch Christian man, who kept a small store on Canal street for twenty-five years, was a member of a humble church on the west side. For a quarter of a century the church never closed the year in debt. The merchant drew his check and paid everything off before the new year came in. There are a half a dozen ladies whose husbands are among the wealthiest men in the city, who have been among our largest givers. Some of them keep intelligent women in the field, who seek out the really deserving women and children and send aid to them directly, without its going through the hands of associations.

The negroes in the south, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, calculate time entirely from the date of emancipation. If you ask the date of any event, they will tell you that it occurred so many years since "freedom." If you ask the age of a child the mother or father may tell you "it was born two years before freedom," or "it was born just three year and two months after freedom." The use of the word "Master," or "Mamma," or "Marsa," as it was variously pronounced by the slaves, has passed away. For it has been substituted the comprehensive term "boss." There is no master, no mistry, or monsieur for the freedmen; every man who is white, or who is in authority is "boss."

A NICE CHICKEN.—A Chicago grocer and his family took dinner with one of his patrons a few days since. "This is very nice chicken," observed the grocer, as he discussed a piece of the leading dish on the table. "Very nice spring chicken I should judge." "That shows what kind of a judge you are," broke in the irrepressible youngster of the household. "Mother says that chicken is the toughest old rooster she ever seen in all her born days, and she bought it from you, too!" The rest of the meal passed off in silence, but soon after the guests had gone away an atmospheric disturbance arose in that house which shook it from roof to foundation.

If you are tired of your sweetheart this is the time of year to let her slide.

Two things weakened by lengthening—Steamships and Sermons.

Dignity is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

When a woman finds that she has married a prodigal son, she should arise and return to her father.

"Cabbage mum! We don't keep no second class vegetables, mum. You'll find it at the lower end of the town."

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the Judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he, "my wife."

Women can't stand out on the corner, talk politics and swear; but they can stay at home and rip and tear and darn—their husbands' old clothes.

No one is so miserable, now, as the young man who has a girl, but no horse and cutter—unless it be the one who has a horse and cutter, but no girl.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he who thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

A poor soldier with his face shot half away, was asked by a comrade if he wanted anything. "I should like a drink of water if I had the face to ask for it," he replied.

The meanest man is he who goes over to the neighbor's, reads his paper, and then goes elsewhere and condemns it. The intelligent reading public should bulldoze him whenever he holds forth.

An exchange remarks: This is the time to go out wolf-hunting. Nothing will give you higher percentage on your time and money than chasing the wolf from your poorer neighbor's door.

True joy is a serene and sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.

Now is the time to test the strength of your faith in religion—he who can sit down on a side-walk three times running, get up and walk off, humming hymns, or quoting Scripture, such a man is a Christian.

A Roman clergyman says he preached for years before he could distinguish the holy calm which rests on woman's brow when her heart is filled with divine truth, from every expression of peace which nestles under a new bonnet.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Somebody said to Robert Hall, "How many discourses do you think, Mr. Hall, may a minister get up each week?" Answered Hall: "If he is a deep thinker and a great condenser, he may get up one, if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half a dozen."

Bassompierre, the French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV. how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said the ambassador. "Ah," said the king, "what an amusing sight to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

This is Colorado's best cat story: A cat had alternately lived in three families in a neighborhood. She had four kittens, and, as soon as they were able to take care of themselves, she carried one to each of her two former residences and left it, retaining two with herself. She desired, it seems, good homes for her progeny.

Many years ago, in Lockport, Grauny Johnson, a colored lady, and nearly 100 years old, locked up her house and went out for a brief walk. Soon there was a fire alarm. Soon thereafter a friend ran up to the old lady and said: "Granny, Johnny! your house is on fire!" "Why, child," said the dame, with great serenity, "dat's impossible. De house is locked, and Ise got de key to de door in my pocket."

A well-known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with a friend had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "What d-did you say?" asked the friend, who stutters. "I say with pride that I am a self-made man—that I made myself," replied the banker. "Then while you were m-m-making yourself," stammered his friend, why d-didn't you p-p-put some more h-hair on the t-top of your h-head?"

His majesty the king of Dahomey bitterly complains of the stoppage of the slave trade. "Here am I," said he to a traveler, "surrounded by hundred of slaves whom I cannot employ and do not like to kill, and you Englishmen have stopped the slave trade with which I used to get rid of the surplus."



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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sociate editors, is authorized agent  
at large and particularly in the West.  
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collect subscriptions, obtain new sub-  
scribers, and procure correspondents for  
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If every subscriber will refuse to grant  
the privilege which their neighbors seek,  
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to subscribe for themselves, they will do  
their duty towards establishing the per-  
manency of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

## Charles H. Cooper's New Invention.

We have received a cut of the bath  
car recently invented by Mr. Charles H.  
Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., and for  
which he has received letters patent.  
The bath car is so constructed as to be  
transported over ordinary wagon roads,  
or it may be coupled to the cars of a  
railway train, and we doubt not will in  
a short time be utilized to a large extent  
on the railroads. For a train to be pro-  
vided with facilities for passengers to in-  
dulge in a good Russian bath will add  
another link to the already almost en-  
dless chain of comforts and enjoyments  
with which the traveling public are at  
present supplied. May success attend  
Mr. Cooper in his enterprising labor  
which promises to add so much more  
comfort and convenience to the traveling  
public.

## A New Text Book.

With the new year there has appear-  
ed a new text book: "Illustrated Lessons  
in Our Language, or How to Speak and  
Write Correctly." Designed to teach  
English Grammar without its technical-  
ities. By G. P. Quackenbush, LL. D.  
The title is sufficiently clear, but no  
one can understand the many excellen-  
cies of the work without a personal. Old  
instructors will find embodied here and  
there a bit of system they are wont to  
use in their classroom, perchance deem-  
ing it original with them. In these  
things originality cannot be said to pre-  
ponderate, that is, it would be difficult  
to produce a work with view to the teach-  
ing of the English language, containing  
nothing but what was new to every  
pedagogue of mature experience and  
good ability. When the principal of the  
New York Institution was explaining  
the features of system of his new book,  
Language Lessons, at the Belleville Con-  
vention, a delegate arose and said he  
could heartily endorse most of the work,  
because he had been teaching on the  
same principles in his own institution;  
he was especially glad to hear that the  
system was to have the advantages of  
book circulation. So, doubtless, a good  
deal of Mr. Quackenbush's work will strike  
some teachers. It reflects their experi-  
ence. There is no marvel in this; it  
shows that the same intelligent appre-  
ciation of ways and understanding of sys-  
tem, can exist in different minds en-  
gaged in kindred work, without communi-  
cation, in separate places.

With regard to the education of the  
deaf, and the adaptiveness of this work to  
the particular case. We can only say  
that we think it an excellent auxiliary.  
There are some things in it, which we  
know from experience to be valuable as  
a whole, we cannot claim anything on  
the basis of a trial, for it has received  
none. Our opinion is that it ought to  
be tried—that it will not disappoint  
any institution enterprising enough to  
take it up. It is adapted to the higher  
grades of classes of deaf-mutes, though  
many of its principles can be advantage-  
ously employed in earlier years. The  
book has illustrations, and object-teach-  
ing is followed in some chapters. As a  
text-book for deaf-mutes alone, it could  
be improved; but taken as it comes, it is  
admirable, and is undoubtedly superior  
to others of its kind.

It is a small volume of 180 pages,  
concise, but not too brief. One of the  
most handsome school books we have  
ever seen. It is from the great publishing  
house of D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551  
Broadway, New York, which insures it  
all sorts of typographical excellence.

## The North Carolina Institution.

The sixteenth biennial report of this  
institution is out. During the two years  
there has been an attendance of about  
one hundred and fifty deaf-mutes, and of  
the blind, ninety.

The finances of the institution, as far  
as figures go, are very gratifying, purely  
as a matter of debit and credit.

Receipts from all sources for  
two years ending Nov. 1,  
'76, including a balance  
carried from previous fis-  
cal year of \$5,000, \$101,442.32  
Expenditures during same  
period, 86,070.48

Balance, \$ 15,371.84

It will probably take \$8,000 of this  
balance to run the institution till the end  
of the year, Dec. 31st—thus leaving the  
comfortable margin of \$7,371.84. This  
margin, however, we are told is not to  
be applied to any purposes of internal  
or external improvement, nor invested,  
a part at least, as a permanent fund for  
some object if not at present pressing,  
to be "hereinafter provided." It is, with  
some \$3,000 more, to be saved by future  
judicious economy, credited on the  
State account, and the biennial appro-  
priation thus reduced from \$90,000 to  
\$80,000.

The ability to live up to this remark-  
able financing, is thus explained in the  
principal's report:

"Upon the principle of the strictest  
economy in all our expenditures, the of-  
ficers of this institution have endeavored  
to act; and while the health and com-  
fort of our inmates have been specially  
cared for, the interests of the State have  
been guarded with equal vigilance."

After this, the State will not have  
the shadow of an excuse for refusal, should  
the needs of the institution require, in  
future years, an increase of appropriation.

The principal records himself as pain-  
fully aware of the fact that all the deaf  
of the State do not avail themselves of  
the benefits of the institution. Large  
numbers are growing up in ignorance.  
Ignorance and stubbornness of parents  
and guardians greatly contribute to this.  
Various have been the expedients on the  
part of the institution to reach those  
uneducated masses. Polite circulars  
were prepared and forwarded to every  
Board of County Commissioners in the  
State, requesting aid in securing names  
and residences of the deaf and the blind,  
with a view to the amelioration of their  
condition. Thirteen replies only were  
ever received. Of course where public  
officers exhibit supineness, the outlook  
for the ignorant deaf is rather cheerless.

The principal calls legislative attention  
to these facts and hopes that some mild  
statute may be made the means of, par-  
tially at least, securing the desired end.  
He hints at a compulsory education law,  
but advocates nothing in this regard, fear-  
ing that the people are not quite pre-  
pared for such rapid progression.

A good many improvements have  
been made to the institution buildings,  
and they have never looked so well or  
been so comfortable as now.

The advantages of the mechanical de-  
partments of the institution receive prop-  
er attention. They are very good of  
which are, but more and improved ma-  
chinery would, the principal says, do no  
harm and a great deal of good.

The *modus operandi* of teaching the  
deaf-mute is given, for the information  
of the uninitiated. We can see nothing  
new in the narrative of system the  
principal gives, but very much of the old:  
—*pin, pen, key, hat, box* hold their own  
in North Carolina.

Articulation is treated briefly by re-  
ferred to as a "system of instruction,"  
which it is not. They would like to try  
a few articulate experiments, provided  
they can get a person who will not con-  
tend them too much. A good teacher, nat-  
urally, can be secured to improve and  
preserve the voices of the semi-mutes,  
for a couple of hundred a year.

## The Itinerizer.

The files is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-  
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the  
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

JAMES E. DORAN, a promising young  
man and a deaf-mute, lately received an  
appointment to the position of clerk in  
the Syracuse post office. His many  
friends will be pleased to hear of his  
good luck.

Prof. JOSE TURNER called upon Mr.  
A. F. OGDON, of Natick, Mass., and  
spent a few hours very profitably and  
pleasantly with his friends. He left in  
the afternoon for Boston to take part in  
the deaf-mute levee entertainment of that  
evening.

We learn that Mr. DAVID P. CLARK,  
of Rindge, N. H., is dangerously sick.  
He is suffering from consumption, ac-  
companied by Bright's disease. His re-  
covery at last accounts was considered  
doubtful. Mr. CLARK is well known  
among the deaf and dumb as one of the  
managers of the New England Gallaudet  
Association.

A few of the deaf-mutes of Cleveland,  
enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs.  
MEYER, last Christmas. The turkey  
and plum pudding were dispatched in  
the usual way, and the reddened faces,  
supplemented by distended veins, told  
the story of eating to satiety. Nothing  
pleased the host and hostess more than to  
see them eat thus. A few hours spent  
in social converse and the time came to  
go home.

A correspondent of Natick, Mass., in-  
forms us that we were in error in stating  
in one of our last November editions that  
Mr. DAVID WHITE had resigned the of-  
fice of Secretary of the Worcester Deaf-  
Mute Society. We received our infor-  
mation from a source that we supposed  
was reliable. Mr. White still retains  
his office, and the society is said to be in  
a harmonious and prosperous condition.

The following is an expression of the  
opinion of one of our English Cousins  
in regard to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:  
"My friend, Mr. —, and myself will  
be much pleased to avail ourselves of  
of continuing our subscriptions for the  
next year to your JOURNAL, which we  
admit to be the best of all that comes  
from the Western Hemisphere, respect-  
ing the full sentiments of deaf-mutes  
which has been greatly appreciated by  
us; therefore you will find \$5 enclosed  
for the renewal of our subscriptions for  
next year."

JOHN SMITH, a mute, was arraigned  
in Jersey City yesterday, accused of as-  
sault and battery on his father. His  
father was his interpreter. The prison-  
er declined to answer, by either sign or  
writing, whether he was guilty or not  
guilty, and the judge called a jury to try  
whether "the prisoner at the bar was  
mute obstinately and on purpose, or by  
the providence of God." Witnesses were  
called, and the jury decided that Smith  
must answer by signs. He refused, and  
the judge ordered a plea of guilty enter-  
ed. Subsequently Smith was convicted.  
—N. Y. Sun, Jan. 13, 1877.

One of the victims of the recent fear-  
ful railway accident near Ashtabula, O.,  
was the Rev. A. H. WASHBURN, D. D.,  
Rector of Grace church, Cleveland, O.  
The Dr. was prominently known, and  
as an authority on ecclesiastical and  
ritual law he had few equals. He was  
known among the deaf-mutes of Cleve-  
land, particularly for his efforts to es-  
tablish a mission for them. In this he  
seconded the labors of Mr. Mann, the  
missionary. He grew to be known as  
their warm friend. Several of them re-  
ceived the sacrament of baptism at his  
hands. His death fell like a shock on  
all, as he was greatly beloved by his  
parishioners.

## Fails to Reciprocate the Compliment.

The *Silent World* has been on the list  
of our exchanges since the first publica-  
tion of our paper, and we have always  
hailed its appearance with delight. We  
have mailed a copy of the JOURNAL to  
the publisher of that fortnightly paper  
each week with great regularity. How  
its receipt has been esteemed, we are  
unaware, but for some reason unknown  
to us we have not seen a copy of the  
*Silent World* for the two months past.  
We call upon the editor of that fort-  
nightly to rise and explain for our per-  
sonal information, why he has discon-  
tinued the usual courtesy of exchanges.  
We cannot believe that the *Silent World*  
has suspended operations to give its edi-  
tor a chance to go to the Centennial—it  
is a little too late for that; we hardly  
think he has been starved out, for the  
most of editors have sufficient "cheek"  
to get a living whether they deserve it  
or not. The problem therefore to us  
remains an unsolved mystery. We re-  
spectfully call upon the *Silent World* to  
maintain *silence* no longer, but speak  
and give us a ray of light upon this sub-  
ject.

## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 21st.  
The Psalter for the 21st day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Isaiah lrv.  
2d Lesson—Matthew iv, 12th verse.  
Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Isaiah lrv.  
2d Lesson—2 Corinthians iv.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
third Sunday after Epiphany.

Sunday, Jan. 28th.  
The Psalter for the 28th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah v.  
2d Lesson—Matthew vii.  
Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxi.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians i.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sep-  
tuagesima Sunday.

## Visit to Cincinnati's School for Deaf-Mutes.

(From the Cincinnati Inquirer, Jan. 7th.)

"Writing is associated with speech,  
and speech with thought; but written  
characters and ideas may be connected  
together without the intervention of  
spoken words. The instruction of the  
deaf and dumb is difficult, but possible."  
Jerome Cardan.

A cozy, quiet, little room in the  
Ninth-street School Building. A row of  
well-filled desks supplied with books and  
slates and all the appurtenances of the  
ordinary school-room. A dozen, yes,  
twenty, bright-eyed, restless girls and  
boys watching with an almost wonder-  
ful interest and eagerness the motions of  
an intelligent, thoughtful-looking young  
man, their teacher. A solemn, almost  
death-like stillness never broken through-  
out the long day except by the patter of  
little feet or the rapid movement of eager,  
nervous little bodies hastening to obey  
the silent but clearly-expressed will of  
the instructor. A collection of twenty  
joyous, keen-eyed children whose ears  
never heard the lullaby song which were  
caroled for them, and whose tongues re-  
fused to lip the long-looked-for "Papa"  
and "Mamma," until the weary, anxious  
parents suddenly and with sinking hearts  
became conscious of the fact that the  
ears into which they had poured such  
loving words were void of hearing, their  
tongues, which they had hoped to hear  
prattle their familiar names and nursery  
sayings, could never be taught to respond  
to spoken language.

During the organization of the Cin-  
cinnati School Board, less, much less,  
than a decade ago, a candidate for cer-  
tain honors in the power of the Board  
visited a member and asked of him his  
support for the office. The member,  
recognizing his glorious privileges as an  
American citizen to vote for the man of  
his own choice, flatly refused to pledge  
himself. The result of the contest was,  
finally, the election of the candidate  
aforementioned, who, piqued by the re-  
fusal of the member aforementioned to  
vote for him, put him "in a hole," by  
making him Chairman of the "Commit-  
tee on Undergraded Schools," being, as  
was then generally supposed, an empty  
honor, there being no "undergraded  
schools," and consequently no special in-  
ducements to its possession. To the  
astonishment, however, of the President  
of the Board, his Chairman of the Com-  
mittee on Undergraded Schools dug out  
some old musty reports on schools for  
deaf-mutes, and, after brushing off the  
dust and brightening affairs up, came to  
the front with a proposition for a deaf-  
mute school, with what result is already  
known, the school having been running  
over a year, and proven a success in ev-  
ery particular.

The school as seen by an *Inquirer* re-  
porter, a few days since, consists of about  
twenty pupils, mostly ranging from the  
age of six to twelve years.  
"What do you think of my pupils?"  
said Professor McGregor, himself a mark-  
ed illustration of the present system of  
teaching, as he was at the age of twelve  
unable to speak more than a few of the  
most easily acquired words.  
"Very bright," was the response of  
the reporter.  
"Ah, but you haven't seen them at  
work yet," and the Professor stepped  
briskly across the room, and touching a  
bright-looking boy on the arm, called him  
forward.  
There was no other way of calling  
him. He could not hear.  
The little fellow came forward with  
alacrity. He evidently knew what was  
expected of him.  
"This boy," said the teacher, "has been  
with me three months."  
The chalk was in the teacher's hand,  
and as it traced a single word on the  
blackboard it was curious to watch the  
little face and see it light up with a gleam  
of intelligence, and see the little hand  
fly up and the fingers assume grotesque  
forms, following the formation of each  
letter.  
He was pronouncing upon his hand  
each letter as it was written.  
"You see," said the instructor, "I first  
teach them to make on the hand that  
character which corresponds to the let-  
ter written on the board. Then I must  
teach them that letters and their combi-  
nations are associated with ideas. This  
I find very difficult. I can not say to  
them that the letters c-o-w stand for the  
word cow, for they don't have any word  
cow. They simply have a sign taught  
them by their parents for the word. Now,  
I may strike the sign at the first trial and  
I may not. One parent, if he wishes to  
say 'cow' to his deaf-child, will, perhaps,  
putting his hands at the side of his head,  
indicate an animal with horns; another  
will go through the motions of the milk-  
maid, and another will have another plan.  
So you see the difficulties I have to con-  
tend with in teaching the meaning of  
even a single word. Then they are, of  
course, increased indefinitely as the num-  
ber of words are increased and their re-  
lation is to be explained."

Here a pupil in an opposite corner of  
the room commenced a series of gestu-  
lations and energetic gyrations suggestive  
of hysteria, hydrophobia, epilepsy, or  
some other indefinite ailment. The re-  
porter touched the shoulder of the Pro-  
fessor in some alarm, and called his at-  
tention to the apparent sufferings of the  
patient in the corner. Up went the lit-  
tle hand, and the fingers flew in every  
direction, accompanied by motions of the  
head and contortions of the face and  
body. A few expressive and more grace-  
ful motions by the hand of the Professor  
and the pupil in the corner subsided.

"He was asking the meaning of a  
word," remarked the Professor; "when  
they meet with one they cannot under-  
stand they are never satisfied until they  
know what it means."  
The work of the pupil on the board  
was progressing. He could evidently  
"say his letters," for the tiny hand in-  
stantly took shape as the letter or word  
was traced on the board.

Once, when an unusually hard word  
was being written, the face assumed a  
graver look, the hand dropped by the  
side, and as the letters were carefully  
inspected, the tiny fingers slowly but  
unconsciously formed the characters.  
He was spelling the word out, school-  
boy fashion, "to himself."  
"Here," said the Professor, taking up  
a slate from in front of another pupil,  
"is one who has been here but twelve  
months, and you can see the progress he  
has made. When he entered school a  
little over a year ago he knew nothing of  
the use of either letters or words, or even  
the mechanical part of writing."

The slate was filled with answers to  
written questions given the pupil on  
slips of paper by the instructor.  
The following are a few of the ques-  
tions and the replies written, showing  
the work of one year's instruction:

Question (written by teacher)—What  
can you buy in a butcher-shop?

Answer (written by pupil)—I can buy  
pork, beef, and sausages.

Q. What can you purchase at a con-  
fectionary store? A. I can purchase  
tally and ice-cream in a confectionary  
store.

Q. Are you tall? No; I am short.

Q. What is in the inkstand? A. The  
ink is in the inkstand.

Q. Where is the water? A. Pail is in  
the water.

"This one," said the instructor, "has  
been here about the same length of time.  
I have written 'Are you lazy?' and in  
answer he says 'Yes, I am lazy,' which,  
however, is not the fact as he is a hard  
student."

The slate was filled with the replies to  
the written questions:

Q. Is your pencil long? A. No; it is

short.  
Q. Is my knife dull? A. Yes; your  
knife is dull.

Q. Is the platform long? A. No; the  
platform is short.

"This," said the professor, walking to  
the board, "is the work of my brightest  
pupil."

There was no need of lowering his  
voice here as he dwelt upon the ability  
of one pupil as compared with another.  
On the board were written the follow-  
ing:

Read—Write—Make—Sew.  
A man reads a book.  
A woman makes a shoe.  
A woman sews an apron.  
A girl writes a lesson.

A man reads a newspaper.  
"This girl," the instructor continued,  
"has only been four months in school.  
I wrote the four words which you see at  
the top of the exercise, and she is re-  
quired to form sentences containing  
them, which you see she has done be-  
low."

The facility with which these children  
learn the use and value of letters is as-  
tonishing. Only a little over a year  
ago the school was opened with twenty  
pupils, and, though the number has not  
much increased, the success of those in  
attendance has been highly encouraging.  
Cincinnati was, with the usual com-  
mendable energy and prudence for her citizens,  
the first city in the land to open for the  
deaf-mutes within her limits a free "Dis-  
trict School," where they might attend  
without being driven from home and  
placed under the domestic care of others  
than the parents. State institutions  
there have been, of course, in a great  
number, but of the District Schools for  
the deaf Cincinnati may honestly claim  
the first. Numbers have sprung up  
since, and with great success.

Of the two systems of teaching, the  
"sign language" and the "lip reading,"  
it will be seen that Professor McGregor  
prefers the first. He teaches the meth-  
od of formation of the letter on the hand  
and by the pencil, at one and the same  
time, and reaches the mind both by "con-  
versation" and literature.

The school for deaf-mutes, in our own  
State, is well patronized, and it is gen-  
erally believed, well conducted. It is un-  
der the management of a corps of able  
professors, and the excellent attainments  
of the Professor in our Cincinnati school  
is an indication of the value of the sys-  
tem as applied at Columbus. There are  
in the United States about fifty institu-  
tions of this kind, which are attended by,  
in all, six thousand pupils. The first  
school of this character in the United  
States was opened by Rev. T. H. Gallau-  
det, in Hartford, as early as the year 1818.  
His memory is honored by the deaf-  
mutes of the country, and his final rest-  
ing-place is marked by an elegant shaft  
purchased by the contributions of mem-  
bers of the schools of the country, and  
designed and fashioned by mutes.

A great variety of opinion exists  
among instructors as to the value of the  
lip-reading system, and the propriety of  
spending many years in the attempt to  
teach the deaf to speak. That it is some-  
times successful is acknowledged, but in  
most cases, after many years spent in  
the effort, they are unable to either read  
the lips of any except their most intima-  
te friends, or to speak to them so that  
they may be understood. Professor Mc-  
Gregor speaks readily and gracefully,  
but he can not be classed altogether as  
among the deaf-mutes, as he had not  
quite forgotten the use of words when  
entering the Columbus Institute at the  
age of twelve, though he had lost his  
hearing at quite an early age. He is a  
graduate of the Columbus and Washing-  
ton Institutes for the Deaf and Dumb,  
and has mastered the intricacies of not  
only the English language, but the Lat-  
in, German and French as well.

Below are some interesting communi-  
cations from Professor McGregor and Mr.  
Souweine, of this city, late of the New  
York Institution for Improved Instruc-  
tion of Deaf-mutes, who speaks to and  
reads the lips of his intimate friends,  
with remarkable ease and ability. Neith-  
er of these gentlemen, it will be seen, are  
by any means strong advocates of the  
system which favors the lip language:

The method of instruction used in this  
school is what is known as the French  
system, or signs. A great deal has been  
said of late years in favor of the system  
of articulation and lip-reading, but after  
all the French system is the only one  
that has yet been discovered by which  
all deaf-mutes can be reached and suc-  
cessfully instructed. Articulation is only  
adapted to those who have lost their  
hearing after having learned to speak.

Out of twenty pupils in this school  
there are but two of the latter class—a  
boy and a girl—and as they associate  
when out of school with hearing and  
speaking persons, and are compelled to  
express themselves and make all their  
wants known at home by word of mouth,  
there is no danger that they will lose  
their power of speech, and they will im-  
prove as they advance in years and their  
stock of knowledge increases. In cases  
of successful articulation and lip-reading  
the result is more generally due to the  
untiring love and devotion of a mother  
or sister than to the skill of a teacher.

Attempting to teach a congenital mute  
to speak is merely a waste of precious  
time; for every moment of the mute's  
school-time is precious to him, the aver-  
age being only five years. That a con-  
genital mute can be taught to speak is  
not denied by any one conversant with the  
subject, but at the end of his five years  
of schooling he is able to speak but very  
imperfectly, and so as to be understood  
only by his most intimate friends, and  
not always even by them, and at the  
same time he has not as good a command  
of language nor as full a stock of infor-  
mation as his brother mute who has  
been taught the same time by signs.

The mute, as a rule, is a very sen-  
sitive person, but he who has been  
taught to articulate is extremely so. He  
sees by the difficulty he meets in making  
himself understood that his speech is  
very imperfect, and the result is, in nine

cases out of ten, even among those who  
speak tolerably well, they stop speaking  
as soon as they leave school, and prefer  
to use writing in communication with  
others. The advocates of articulation  
claim to restore the mute to society.  
Theoretically they do so, but practically  
they succeed hardly in one case in a hun-  
dred. Acting upon the principle of "the  
greatest good to the greatest number,"  
the French system has the preference.

## Meteorology.

R. Mcgregor.

I believe that the German system (I  
mean that by which the deaf-mutes are  
taught to speak and read the motion of  
the lips) is of no value to deaf-mutes.  
Suppose a congenital deaf-mute enters  
the articulating institution, and his  
teacher begins to teach him how to speak  
the letters; of course he can't hear the  
sound; he has to feel his teacher's voice  
by means of touching his throat, and he  
is required to repeat his (the teacher's)  
voice till he has succeeded. Yet he  
speaks very imperfectly. Thus time is  
greatly wasted. After a few months'  
trial the pupil is taught the words, such  
as "cat," "man," &c. Yet, though he is  
able to speak them, he doesn't know what  
they are, so his instructor has to use pic-  
tures in teaching the meaning of them.  
In most cases the teacher finds it diffi-  
cult to explain to his pupils, what the  
words and sentences mean. During my  
seven years' stay in the New York In-  
stitution for the Improved Instruction of  
Deaf-mutes not one pupil had yet master-  
ed the English language on leaving school.  
When I entered that institution I expected  
that I should acquire a full knowledge  
of speaking and lip-reading, and would  
be able to associate with hearing persons,  
but to my disappointment I found it im-  
possible. In fact, I was a pupil for years,  
and when I left school I had very little  
knowledge of the English language; but  
when I became endeared to the society of  
deaf-mutes who use the sign language, I  
soon learned that language, and I now  
assert that I know better than ever. The  
parents send their deaf and dumb children  
to the articulating institution, I believe,  
for their own benefit, because they expect  
to have the pleasure of hearing them  
speak. The deaf-mutes who have learned  
to speak and read the lips can be  
easily understood by their people and  
friends, but they can't be understood by  
strangers. It is often the case that the  
mutes are compelled to write to strangers  
because they are ashamed to speak, and  
they think the strangers will laugh at  
them. One of the mutes living in this  
city, who has been at the Columbus In-  
stitution for five years, was taken by his  
father to the New York Institution for  
the improved instruction of deaf-mutes,  
and the Principal assured him that he  
could teach him how to speak fairly. Af-  
ter a year's stay at school his parents  
called him home on account of vacation,  
but they were told again that if he should  
stay another year they would have the  
pleasure of hearing him speak and he  
would be able to read the motion of their  
lips. According to the Principal's wish-  
es, he remained another year; but at the  
end of that year, when he came, to his  
folks and friends' surprise, he could only  
speak a few words. Of course his par-  
ents were indignant about it. It is said  
they had spent about \$300 for the board  
and tuition for almost nothing. One  
deaf-mute whom I know, entered the ar-  
ticulating school, and after a good deal  
of effort his teacher tried to teach him  
how to speak the letters, but he failed;  
so he (the pupil) was transferred to an-  
other institution where the French sys-  
tem is carried on, and after a few months  
he had improved greatly. Though the  
articulation system has been in existence  
for more than a hundred years, it has  
not yet accomplished its object. I much  
prefer the institutions where the French  
system is taught than the articulating  
schools.

## EMMANUEL SOUWEINE.

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.

We have sold Hatch's Universal  
Cough Syrup for about four years. It  
has the best sale of any medicine we  
keep. Our customers say it is the best  
of its kind. We have used it in our  
families, and recommend it to all as a  
healing balsam for the lungs. Safe to  
use, and prompt in its effects. We are  
authorized to warrant it in every case.  
No cure no pay! Use it for croup and  
whooping cough.

## WM. SEELEY & BRO.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

Prof. Job Turner at Martha's Vineyard.

MALDEN, Mass., Dec. 29, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Martha's Vineyard is an island about twenty-five miles long from east to west, and from four to twenty from north to south. The name always attracts attention, and the island is worthy of its name. Those who visit it and inhale its pure, invigorating air, find themselves better and happier for the visit. Its many attractions now annually bring thousands of pleasure-seekers to its hospitable shores. I staid there a week, and found the people generally hospitable. Their hospitality could not fail to remind me of that of the Virginians, which I enjoyed during my thirty-five years' residence there. If I were to give you a detailed history of that island, I should fill from forty to fifty pages of note paper; but as I have no desire to rob you of your valuable space, I must be more brief for the present.

Last October I had the pleasure of meeting my old deaf-mute friend, Thomas Brown, Esq., and his wife, in Boston, who were then enroute to their home at West Henrick, N. H., from Martha's Vineyard, where they had been visiting their relatives for a month. He told me that he had advised his deaf-mute friends to send for me to come and conduct services for them, and asked me if I would accept their invitation, to which I replied that I would do so with pleasure. He said he should write to them to that effect.

Last November I received a letter from my old class-mate, Mrs. Dedicam West, in which she said that she and the other deaf-mutes would be pleased to receive a pastoral visit from me, and in reply I told them that I proposed being with them on Sunday, Dec. 10th.

On the morning of the 8th inst., I packed up my bag for ten days and started at eleven o'clock for New Bedford, a fine city of 25,000 inhabitants, where I stopped by invitation one day with my esteemed friend, John J. Tillinghast, Esq. He and his amiable lady received me with cordiality, and did what they could to make my stay pleasant. He is a wonderful self-taught deaf-mute. He could hear and speak well till he was seven years old, when he was taken ill with scarlet fever, which confined him to his chamber six months, after which, to his great surprise and regret, he found that he had entirely lost his speech and hearing, and that he had forgotten all that he had learned in school, even to A, B, C. He has, however, recovered a great amount by recovering his former speech, although he does not speak as plain as he did before his illness. He can talk well, and read the motions of the lips without any difficulty. What is more surprising, he can make signs pretty well, though he has never attended any school for the deaf and dumb. He is always apt to speak on his fingers to such deaf-mutes as he happens to meet. I know by personal experience that the mind of the deaf-mute who thinks in words instead of in signs, is more retentive and accurate than that of a deaf-mute who thinks in signs instead of in words. If you were to see him face to face, you would not think that he was deaf and dumb. No deaf-mute feels deeper interest in the moral, intellectual and religious welfare of deaf-mutes than he does. He is a clerk in an insurance office in New Bedford, which has the agency of twenty-three different insurance companies, several of which are in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paris, etc. He understands his business perfectly, and if you were to take a peep at him in his office, you would take him for a keen business, speaking gentleman. He is a man of great energy, indefatigable industry, and remarkable intelligence. I have never heard of any other good deaf-mute insurance clerk. He learned the business from his father who was a general insurance agent, and who was, I am sorry to say, found dead in a bath tub at his home last year. His speaking brother has taken his place. In him I found a polite gentleman. He understands his business very well.

I was well pleased with my stay at John's hospitable home; and found his family very pleasant. His wife is a very amiable lady, and he has two interesting children—a son and a daughter—who have the use of all their faculties. He says he has acquired his valuable property by industry and frugality. After dinner he gave me a pleasant ride of six miles. The next morning, while we were waiting to the insurance office, (one mile and a half from his house), he showed me the fine mansion where the late ex-Gov. John H. Clifford used to live. He kindly used about two hours of his valuable time to show me some other things of interest. On one of the wharves, there were about seventy large hogheads of sperm oil. He told me if I owned all the oil, I would have a very large fortune, and would never come to want if I managed it carefully. He also showed me a whaling ship which was getting ready to go to sea after the whales. The "A. R. Tucker" is the name of the ship, and it is commanded by Mr. Tillinghast's cousin.

I took leave of him and his amiable family at noon, and went on board the well-known steamboat, *Monahansett*, for Vineyard Haven. We left the wharf at one o'clock, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The angry waves ran so high as to cause our good boat to roll so much that we could not walk erect. I was much amused to see the fat old chambermaid walk like a duck, which she could not help. Probably the boat could have made her port in safety. I had never seen such a gale at sea in my life, though I had had many ocean voyages between Boston and Norfolk, Va. The prudent captain was obliged to order his pilot to turn the boat around to New Bedford for the night. The passengers were dissatisfied with the captain's decision, and he told us that the gale came very near upsetting our boat off Clark's Point.

After our arrival at the wharf, I went again to Mr. Tillinghast's office, and he seemed much surprised to see me back so soon. He gave me a very warm welcome, and I spent another pleasant night with the kind family. The wind blew a great gale almost all night, and often shook the house so hard as to awake us.

The next morning, it being Sunday, we, the disappointed passengers, got again on board the boat at the appointed hour, but the boat could not leave the wharf, because she was in the mud and had to wait an hour for the high tide which lifted her out, when we started. We had a very rough voyage across Buzzard Bay, it being a very cold, stormy day; the sky was cloudy and cheerless, and the waves ran so high, that they sometimes passed over the bow of the boat, which ploughed nobly through them, as if she were a duck. We did not see the captain on board, because he was on watch with his pilot. We passed many vessels at anchor. We passed a large steam ship which ran around the night before, on her way to New York. We saw a fine schooner in distress, and would have gone to her rescue, but we saw another steamboat going to her aid.

We at length reached Vineyard Haven in safety at half-past one o'clock. I took the stage for Chilmark, my destination, at once. There were four passengers in the stage, one of whom was a blind man who got off about eight miles from the wharf, and felt his way to his home with the assistance of his cane.

I reached Chilmark as the sun was setting in the western horizon. I should probably have had a good meeting there on that day if I had not been detained at New Bedford by the gale.

I met with a warm reception from Mrs. Dedicam D. West and her kind-hearted husband, Mr. George West, under whose hospitable roof I had a pleasant time for about one week, and in whose dining room and parlor I conducted services three times for deaf-mutes. Mrs. West has two deaf and dumb brothers, both of whom are married and have speaking children. Their wives are deaf-mutes. She has eight children, five of whom are deaf and dumb, and four of the deaf-mute children are married, and doing well.

The Atlantic ocean can be viewed in its grandeur from the cliffs, which are about 50 feet high, and half a mile from their house.

On the first morning after my arrival I received a call from a young deaf-mute gentleman, Mr. Freeman N. Smith, a graduate of the American Institution, who kindly asked me to take a walk to see his young deaf-mute lady, which offer I accepted with pleasure. We took a short walk, and I enjoyed a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Smith, daughter of Mrs. Smith and a graduate of the American Institution. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were married last year, and had just gone to housekeeping. He showed me his curious spring, the water of which is cold in summer and warm in winter. He told me he had to wait till the warm water got cool enough to drink in winter.

I next called on another deaf-mute, George West, Jr., son of Mrs. West, and a graduate of the American Institution. I had a short talk with him and his deaf-mute wife, a graduate of the same institution. They have a fine little son whom they talked of calling Harry Tilden at the time of my call. The little gentleman can hear.

Messrs. West and Smith proposed to me to take a walk to the beach, which I accepted with a willing heart. We walked along the high cliffs, which command the broad, blue ocean. They showed me the skeleton of an Indian who must have been killed in a battle or skirmish long ago, because an arrow head was stuck in the back of his neck. They told me that the Indians buried their gold and silver on the approach of the white settlers, which have never been discovered. They will probably remain undiscovered for many centuries. I believe they must have been buried very deep.

I returned to Mrs. West's to dinner much pleased with the walk, in spite of the cold wind. I staid with the West family very pleasantly till the next morning, it being pleasant like spring, when Mr. Smith kindly gave me a ride of about eight miles, to call on two deaf-mute families. We stopped, after a ride of four miles, to see a deaf-mute farmer, Mr. Zeno Tilton, a graduate of the American Institution, and brother of Mrs. West, who received me with great cordiality. He introduced me to his deaf-mute wife, who recognized me immediately, and said that I was one of her old classmates. What a happy meeting there was between us. We had not seen each other for 37 years. I had a good talk with them for about one hour.

He is a man of great industry, wonderful ingenuity, and remarkable piety. He has a fine flock of sheep, good horses, cows, &c., on his farm. He told me that he once caught fifty dollars' worth of eels in six hours, sent them to New York and soon got the money. They wanted me to make their home my home for several days, and I promised them I would, when I went there again. Mr. Smith and myself then rode about four miles further to see another deaf-mute, Mr. Franklin Tilton, brother of Mrs. West, and a graduate of the American Institution. We saw Mrs. Tilton, a deaf-mute, and once an inmate of the same institution, but Mr. Tilton was out on the shore after his return. I found a pleasant person in him. Our talk was short. Mr. and Mrs. Tilton have three children, all speaking.

The next call I made was on a happy deaf-mute bachelor, Mr. Alfred Mayhew, also a graduate of the American Institution. He lives in a neat house by himself, and does housework like a woman. He keeps his small house very clean. Everything looks neat about him. He wished me to stay longer with him, but time forbade, and I declined his kind invitation.

We returned to Mrs. West's house

late in the afternoon. Soon afterwards a good number of deaf-mutes assembled at the house to hear the word of God preached by the sign language. They had not had any services at their place for many years. I conducted services in the afternoon and evening.

On a spring-like morning, Mr. Smith offered me another ride. I accepted his invitation with gratitude, and we enjoyed it very much. We made a call on Mr. Benjamin Mayhew, a graduate of the American Institution, and a nephew of the happy deaf-mute bachelor. He lost his right hand by a thrashing machine while he was having his oats thrashed. The gentleman told me that Benjamin catches more fish and shoots more ducks, etc., than any other person in his neighborhood. He can shoot ducks with one hand by putting his gun on his right arm between the elbow and wrist. He harnesses his horses and drives them well, and can do almost anything else. He often rows his boat to No Man's Land to fish. What an energetic man he is! Great respect is due him for his independence and industry. He will not beg. I saw four artificial ducks which he had made, which were very nice.

His wife is an amiable speaking lady, and they have a charming little daughter two and a half years old, who, happily, is not deaf and dumb. It is a sweet sight to see her spelling "cat," "dog," "cow," etc., with her little fingers.

I am told that Mr. Mayhew is making money. A gentleman, last fall, hired a colored man to mow his barley in a two-acre field, and he said he could not, and was discharged. The gentleman met this energetic one-handed deaf-mute and asked him if he could mow his barley, to which he replied, "I will try." He succeeded in mowing the barley with a scythe, in a curious way. Barum, the great showman, would do well to have him for a show to put idle men with two hands to blush.

I next called on a keen deaf-mute, Mr. Jared Mayhew, a graduate of the American Institution, and brother of the smart, one-handed deaf-mute. I had a short conversation with him, and found him a pleasant gentleman. He has a fine, young wife who is not deaf and dumb. He makes money by fishing and doing some other things. He supports his deaf and dumb mother, who lives with him. He had two deaf-mute aunts, but one of them died a happy death last August, aged seventy-five years.

Miss Ruby Mayhew, an uneducated deaf-mute lady, died a happy Christian, about two months ago. She lived with her educated deaf-mute sister, Miss Lovejoy Mayhew, in their comfortable house which commands a fine view of Vineyard Sound and Buzzard Bay. Although Miss Ruby had never attended any deaf-mute school in her life, she happily succeeded in acquiring, not only some useful knowledge from her educated deaf-mute relatives and friends in the sign language, but also a good idea of the way of salvation. They spoke to her about Christ so much that she wished to see a picture or engraving of Him. So she bought a finely engraved picture, representing Christ appearing to Mary, and frequently looked at it, which cultivated her love for Him very much. She presented the picture to her deaf-mute nephew, Jared. This was a short time before her decease. She was not long afterwards taken ill, and when informed of her approaching dissolution, she sent for the picture. So great pleasure did she take in looking at it once more that she kissed it many times. Mrs. West, the deaf-mute lady, happened to be with her at the time, and talked with her about the way of salvation. Miss Ruby asked her if Christ would refuse to receive her, because she was an uneducated deaf-mute. Mrs. West encouraged her to believe that he would save her through his merits. The patient told her that she was willing to die and go to Heaven to be with Christ forever. She returned the picture to Jared. Soon after she died a glorious death, at the advanced age of 75 years. She could converse with her deaf-mute friends almost as well as if she had been educated. While I was near her old home, I was shown the same picture. They showed me her photograph from which she seemed to be a fine looking lady.

Miss Lovejoy Mayhew, an educated deaf-mute lady, and a graduate of the American Institution, still occupies the same house where she and Ruby used to live. I had a short talk with her, and found her well posted on deaf-mute news. She spoke to me favorably of her old teacher, Rev. W. W. Turner, and smiled when she told many good jokes which he had told her. She has a vigorous constitution, and may live many years yet. She is a pleasant neighbor to Mrs. Hannah Mayhew, a graduate of the American Institution, the mother of Jared; her speaking husband having been dead over 20 years, if I do not mistake. Jared supports her well. What a dutiful son he is to her!

I must not fail to say that the Mayhews are descended from Governor Mayhew, who purchased of the mother country the grant or patent of Martha's Vineyard, and the adjacent islands, of which he took possession in the year 1642. He did much good to the Indians by preaching the gospel to them. Benjamin D. West, a graduate of the American Institution, lives with his parents and works for them as a farmer. He has a speaking wife, who understands the mute language well.

On the afternoon of the second day before I left the island, we had an interesting service at the house of Mrs. West. There was a good number of deaf-mutes from a distance, among whom was a venerable speaking gentleman named Mr. Harriph Mayhew, 85 years old, who had brought his educated deaf-mute wife more than eight miles to hear the word of God preached, which she had not had the pleasure of doing for many years. After divine service he came to me and introduced himself to me. He spelt out "I wish you well," for which I thanked him. The audience dispersed in good

humor, nearly at the setting of the sun. The following day I had a day of rest at the house of Mrs. West, and took tea with Mr. George West, Jr. I found his table beautifully laden with eatables. He had two deaf-mute visitors at his house at the time. They were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Merriew, both graduates of the American Institution, who live in North Harwich, Mass., near Cape Cod. They have a speaking son, Mr. Merriew is engaged in catching mackerel, and cultivating cranberries for market. He gave me an interesting account of some of his sea adventures, during a sea-faring life of 28 years. I would tell you all if I had time. I can only say that he was once picked up at sea, after his ship had gone down. What a hard life he must have led!

There are two educated mutes on "No Man's Land," three miles from Martha's Vineyard, and they live in such seclusion that they do not care about visiting their deaf-mute friends on Martha's Vineyard.

Early on the morning of the 16th of Dec., while it was yet dark, I took leave of Mr. George West and his good family, against my will, because they were so very hospitable to me. He is much esteemed by all who know him. I took the stage for Vineyard Haven, in which there were ten passengers, among whom was Mrs. Kidder, a good decessa of Maplewood, a few miles from this place, where she has a very beautiful house, pleasantly situated on a hill.

When the stage stopped at a country post office, a kind-hearted speaking gentleman, named Jared Mayhew, whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with in Maine two months before, met me and invited me to get out and stay with him a few days. I told him that it would give me great pleasure to accept his kind invitation, but as I had an engagement in Worcester the next day I should have to decline his generous invitation. Then he told me to stop and make him a visit next time, which I promised to do. How very kind in him to get up so early in spite of the cold weather, to see me in the stage. I saw his house from the stage. It is pleasantly situated six miles from Vineyard Haven.

We reached the wharf before eight o'clock, and soon the good steamboat *Monahansett* made her appearance, and in half an hour was at the wharf, when we boarded her, and went to sea at once. Soon we were in Buzzard Bay, where we found the vessel rolled so much that we could not walk on the deck. The heavy sea broke over the deck many times before we reached New Bedford. The waves were very high, and they came very near entering the captain's office. The waves rolled along on the deck from the bow to the stern sliding doors under the pilot-house, and dashed against them with such force that it broke open one of them. The water ran as far as the ladies' saloon. I stood by the same door a few minutes before, and if I had remained there one moment longer I would probably have been hurt by the falling of the door. When I saw the door down and the waves coming in from the deck, I thought we should go down in a few minutes; but the cool captain ordered his good crew to set one of the gangways in its place to prevent the waves from dashing under the hurricane deck. The water came very near getting into the fire-room. The captain and crew behaved like veterans. The passengers ought always to remember the captain's wonderful skill.

We reached New Bedford safely, only one or two hours later than usual. The captain would not go again that afternoon on account of the heavy sea. The acting clerk, Mr. Reilly, was very attentive to me. The captain proved himself a very skillful officer, and is worthy of the confidence of all passengers.

I am much pleased with my first pastoral visit to Martha's Vineyard. At New Bedford I received a warm welcome from Mr. Tillinghast, who gave me a good dinner, after which I took the cars for Worcester, which place I reached the same night much fatigued.

I cannot conclude this letter without mentioning the kindness and hospitality of the deaf-mutes and others of that little island showed to me. May God ever protect them from danger.

I shall leave here Jan. 11th, for Lincoln to visit a friend there till Saturday afternoon, when I shall take the cars for Worcester, where I officiate next Sunday.

Truly your friend,

JOHN TURNER.

My Pastoral Visit to Lowell, Mass.

With love for my work for the glory of my Master and the success of his kingdom among the children of silence in and around Boston, I went on my way to a memorable place, where I started the worship of God some years ago, and where I was their evangelist on the last day of the gone-by year of 1876.

Having just been freed from my engagement of three months' pastoral work among my class of people in Salem, (my place of residence), I went to the depot on Saturday, Dec. 30th, 1876, to take the 4:40 train for Lowell. I found at the depot our President, H. P. Chapman, and his brother Henry, our Secretary, waiting to bid me good bye. How kind and thoughtful they were to go there to give a few good words at parting to a hard laborer! If it was not for Lowell being the first call, I should have accepted the kind invitation from Newburyport to occupy their pulpit, but I had to decline to their disappointment and my regret; but will with pleasure officiate there at some future time when convenient for them. I bade those friends farewell, with God's blessing on their worship for the next day, under the preaching of our estimable brother, R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport.

I arrived at Lowell about 6 o'clock, and hurried with cold hands, ears and feet, but a warm heart, to the house of the bereaved family, which is frequently called the "Sunshine Lake family," where every visitor enjoys himself and is most hospitably entertained. Sunshine fam-

ily, indeed! yet visited with sorrow because of the loss, by the king of terrors, of a young member of their happy household, by the name of George Lake. I have been their guest quite often when on my mission to that place, and had always found the family to be "in the fear of the Lord," which "is the beginning of wisdom."

On meeting the father of the house, he seemed cheerful and happy in the hope that his cherished son was with his Heavenly Father. I was at a loss to realize that he was transferred from this shore below to that above. A young man as he was, and used to walk on the streets of the city with his young friends, I could hardly think that he now walks on streets paved with gold. It seems like a dream that he has gone to that better home where there is no night.

I had but a few spare moments, and had to leave the family and repair to the house of Deputy Sheriff H. C. Cushing, the husband of my wife's sister, where they expected me as their guest. In the evening I had a pleasant call from Mr. Soper, President of the Lowell Silent Society, and his sister and Miss Lizzie Lake, the sister of the late George, and Secretary of the Society. I rejoice to learn that the sister of Mr. Soper some time ago found Jesus Christ as her Savior in her youth. May she cling close to Him, work out her own salvation and build up a spotless character all through her life. It is my prayer that she may be taught that religion does not consist in raptures or ecstasies or high flights of feelings, as many seem to think; but that she should be fully and positively taught that religion consists in obeying God from the heart. O reader I am you a seeker of Christ and his righteousness? If already a child of God, are you seeking to know how to grow in grace and how to live nearer and nearer to Christ? Or are you a pursuer of wealth and worldlyness, of sin, and of pleasure more than of God?

The next day was Sunday. In the forenoon I called on the Lake family to give comfort, and had an enjoyable hour. Desiring to be alone with my Heavenly Father for some time before proclaiming the gospel publicly, I excused myself and retired to the house again. At two o'clock I left and entered the vestry of the First Congregational church, where I occupied the platform before an audience of about eighteen people. I took my text from Philippians 11, 12, 13. All present were very attentive and quiet, eagerly taking hold of instruction. Among those present was Mrs. Preston, of Buffalo, who was making a short visit at Lowell, her native place. She looked well and happy. I missed the pleasure of having my usual meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worcester, who some time ago removed to New Hampshire, where they are enjoying a new settlement. He was one of the most active workers for the success of the society, and his prayers and remarks at the prayer meetings were good and earnest. The society must miss him. I regret they have gone to a place where there is no meeting of deaf-mute worshippers.

After an hour and a half of service we adjourned till evening. According to their custom of having a Bible class in the evening, I had the pleasure of conducting it at this house where I was stopping. The lesson was from the eleventh chapter of Matthew. About ten o'clock good-night partings were passed between them and the writer, and they repaired to their homes.

Monday morning I took the first train for Salem, and went to my trade, like Paul, feeling that it was a good thing to do something for my Master, according to my talent. My Christian readers, I need your prayers that God may sustain and help me in my work among those who have no ears to hear, but have eyes to see.

P. W. PACKARD.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The holidays are over. Eighteen hundred and seventy-seven has been ushered in as nice and bright as a new coin. The teachers and nearly all of the pupils who spent their holidays away, have returned. The regular school routine has been resumed. And now the vast and complicated mechanism of our institution moves on like clock-work.

New Year's day passed rather quietly. A good many of those of us males who had acquaintances in the city went calling. In the evening there was an exhibition of our stereopticon, and after that a reunion of the boys and girls in the large sitting room of the latter.

On Friday evening the High Class Boat Club held its annual election of officers. Mr. Wm. B. Magill, the sailing Captain, was appointed chairman. The officers were elected with the following result:

John Hogan—Captain.  
Nye Brown—1st Mate.  
Richard Welch—2d Mate.  
Thomas F. Fox—Sey & Treas.  
We can predict the *Evangeline* another safe and happy year under their charge.

On Saturday evening the 6th, the question, "Would a repeal of the union between England and Ireland be beneficial to the latter," was debated in the Fanwood Literary Association. It was a spirited discussion, and both sides of the question were thoroughly aired. When the votes were counted the result stood 92 to 29 in favor of the affirmative.

The same afternoon the young ladies of the High Class clubbed together and hired a team and sleigh and, in company with one of the assistant matrons, had a splendid sleigh ride round Central Park, and up and down St. Nicholas avenue.

Skating is splendid at the Central Park just now. The snow left by the great storm of New Year's night has been cleared off, and now almost every day Mr. Gamage can be seen wending his way thither with his skates under his

arm. Coasting is also first rate, and the course is smooth as ice.

The following item appeared in the *Evening Telegram* of yesterday, in the report of the doings of the New Jersey Legislature: "A bill was introduced to establish an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in the buildings formerly used as a Soldier's Children's Home."

It will interest those of my readers who are lovers of good literature to know that, lately, the works of Thackeray, Hawthorne, and John Ruskin have been added to our library, besides a large number of other books by authors of less note. So that now one, who has the slightest taste for reading need not fear the "blues." Besides those of the above authors we have the works of Cooper, Irving, Scott, Shakespeare, Plutarch and several single books by other great lights of literature.

Something is going to happen here before long, but I guess I will not tell the *JOURNAL* readers what it is just yet. As most of them are Yankees they may try to guess at it till they hear from me again. But bear in mind it is nothing of the ordinary kind.

TULLY.  
New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Jan. 11th, 1877.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 77.

A new solution of the perplexing problem of the Presidential difficulty has lately been proposed, namely, the entire abolishment of the Presidency and the vesting of the Government in a council of seven to be appointed by Congress. How this is designed to clear up the trouble it is hard to see, but rumors and conjectures must be kept aloft, and very likely this was started for want of something more rational.

Congress seems to be accomplishing very little in the way of legislative business beside the introduction and passage of a few minor bills, largely of a private and personal character, and some few of importance, such as the Pension bill, giving \$8 per month to surviving soldiers of the Mexican war, which passed the House a few days since.

The cases of Barnes, Turner and Orton, of telegraph repute, have occupied much of the attention of Congress since the holidays. They all still decline to give any explanation of the telegrams that passed through their hands during the election; Congress is not inclined to drop the matter after undertaking it, and so it still remains unsettled.

The committee on counting the electoral vote have as yet held no joint session, but intimate that the several parties are hard at work upon the question, hunting up precedents and procuring authorities, and will shortly come together and decide upon such a report as shall need no revision by Congress, but be satisfactory in all its points.

Much interest is felt in the reports from Louisiana that are daily reaching the capital. The inauguration of two Governors—Packard and Nichols—has taken place there, the State House has been mobbed, the President telegraphed to for troops, and it is still unknown who is the rightful Governor of the State. General and Mrs. Sherman arrived here some days ago, and are at present guests at the White House. The General proceeded at once to the war department, and it is currently reported that the President intends placing him in command of whatever military force is sent to Louisiana.

The police-gambler war that has been raging here for three weeks past is still going on from bad to worse; a greater complication than ever being brought yesterday by Congress taking the matter in hand. Already the entire Police Board, in compliance with a demand from the President, had tendered their resignations and a new board had been appointed, though not officially installed, and yesterday the whole aspect of affairs was changed by the Senate passing a bill abolishing the Police Board of the District. This movement is considered favorable to the gambler side, and there is talk, among earnest citizens, of forming an anti-gambler association, upon the same principle as that for the prevention of cruelty to animals, by which scouts will be employed to ferret out secret rendezvous of gamblers and cause them to be routed by law.

The Treasury robber, who stole \$12,000 on the 5th of December last, and for whom the best detectives in the country have since been searching, has been discovered, arrested and placed in jail. He is Ferdinand S. Winslow, one of the shipping clerks in the cash-room of the Treasury, a man fifty years old and a native of Denmark. It appears that he was suspected of the crime as soon as the loss of the money was known, both because of his duties in the office and his past record, which is a bad one. He has been in the Department only since 1875, and previous to that time had had part in several questionable transactions. His duties in the cash-room was to place the middle seal upon money packages and to direct them. Other seals were placed upon packages after they left his hands but they were open for the last time while in his possession. He had made and sealed the dummy and, having it ready, very easily substituted it for the money while engaged in the sealing and addressing. It is supposed that Winslow knew himself suspected of the theft and that the money, of which he had used but two or three hundred dollars, was something of an elephant on his hands, as, through some other person, a package containing almost the entire amount, was thrown into Secretary Wymen's door on Sunday last.

Washington has seen more snow this winter than has been known here before for half a century, and the greatest advantage has been taken of it. School children have revelled in it. Skaters have been their element, and sleigh-riders will long remember the season as an exceptional one for their enjoyment. Saturday's rain brought the sport to an abrupt close, and a general leave of out-of-doors pleasure was taken in the shape of a grand carnival held on Pennsylvania Avenue in which over a hundred sleigh-loads took part—in the presence of over a thousand spectators, nearly as delighted as were the participants themselves. Many fine representations were gotten up, and prizes were given to the three best maskers,—"Setting Bull" receiving the first, a handsome sleigh, "Oregon Electors" the second, a side saddle, and "Whiskey Ring" the third, a fine pair of skates.

M. M. W.  
New York, Jan. 15, 1877.  
(From our Special Correspondent.)  
"Bennett sailed for England in the City of Richmond," and "The streets are to be cleaned commencing with Broadway," were the two exciting announcements on Sunday morning. I hardly know which attracted the most attention or was received with the greatest feeling of pleasure. The Bennett business was getting to be a nuisance. In the death of other news the papers had published all they could hear or dared to invent on the subject with leading editorials on the matter until the whole became a decided bore. The rumors about town were many of them preposterous in the extreme, and the final story that the whole thing, horse-whipping, duel and all, was an immense joke of Larry Jerome's to attract attention from the Bennett-May marriage; which some say has taken place, and others only prophesy that it will be. That Bennett has departed for Europe accompanied by Mr. Robbins and probably Mr. Carroll Livingstone, is now looked upon as a fact; and also that Miss Jeannette Bennett was on board the steamer, and others state Mrs. J. G. Bennett, nee May, was in her company. Frederick May is thought to be seriously wounded, and there is a genuine tempest in a teapot here, about the duel.

If children do not exactly cry for it, they at least have heard enough to try and imitate it. Two little six-year-olds were discovered the other day armed with pop-guns, one of them saying, "Now, Fred, you must be May, cause your name's Fred; and I am to be Mr. Bennett, and Totsie (a four year old sister), must say one, two, three, fire!" Neither party killed and no investigation deemed necessary in this case.

We are rejoicing in the fact that between now and next August, there is a possibility of the "beautiful snow" being carted out of our streets. The sleighing is nearly a month old, and yet those who enjoy it seem to enter as heartily into the matter as when they first started out behind their fast trotters. There have been many unique turn-outs, and a world of handsome equines on the boulevards. Some of these have come to serious grief however, especially while racing. The absence of Commodore Vanderbilt was commented on by those who have been in the habit of seeing him behind a pair of handsome flyers, or with a single horse, keeping up with the fastest.

By the way, the cruise which was placed on the door knob, a new and elegant steamer which was charged in the bill at \$25 was stolen, and the reason assigned was that some one had done it because he thought so much of the dead Commodore, and wanted it to remember him by.

The Vanderbilt feud over the will, will probably be settled by additional legacies from the chief inheritor. He thinks it will be cheaper than to stand a suit. It is said that William H. is not as smart a man as his father was, but that his son is to be, Cornelius 2d, King of Central, when William H. dies or abdicates is. If he starts with \$75,000,000 and increases it in the same ratio as his grandfather did his ferry-boat earnings, we shall all be the most humble subjects of King Cornelius in two or three decades, and the country will no longer America but plutocracy. Some of the belles are anxiously inquiring regarding the health of the wife of the coming king, for sad to say he is married.

We abhor scandal here, as witness the Bennett-May case, and so it seems a little strange that all last week the early train should have carried so many people Bridgeport way. That they could have had the least desire to have heard the disgraceful evidence in the Nichols' divorce case, is not possible, although the Nichols' and Mr. Lyman are well known here, especially among the wealthy idlers, who make yachting a summer amusement. Accompanied by her mother, and a daughter about eighteen years old, Mrs. Nichols sits in court and listens seemingly undisturbed, to evidence which it seems might make an innocent, modest woman die of shame, especially with a mother and daughter by to hear it. It seems to be the old story of a cross and even brutal husband, a dissatisfied, unhappy wife, another man to offer the attention the husband no longer cared to, with the final result of terrible imprudence if not absolute crime. The Newell suit bids fair to be another bonne bouche for the scandal mongers.

It is said that when Peter B. Sweeney returns he will not be accompanied by Mrs. Sweeney. She was the divorced wife of the sculptor Page, and was supported in elegant style by Sweeney until just prior to the "ring" exposure, when he married her and transferred all his property to her.

Mrs. Brooks, the "Batter Bunt" woman, no longer wastes her talents on a Western farm. She is here in New York with her Sleeping Lolanthe, and will model in butter for the benefit of those who wish to see her, and for the lining of her purse.

—David T. Welch, formerly of Oswego, assistant general ticket agent of the St. Louis, Rock Island and Chicago railroad, died in St. Louis, a few days ago.



## Seemings.

In vision a noble spirit  
Came, O, so close to me,  
And looked down into my life,  
As the sun looks into the sea,  
And my life was in it reflected.  
Even its bright ideal,  
In the presence of the vision,  
Seemed to be most real.  
The air seemed full of music,  
That murmured and rose and fell,  
Till my soul was full of gladness,  
Of joy that words cannot tell;  
For life seemed to have a newness,  
It never before had known,  
And I thought that never again  
Would my spirit feel alone,  
And I lifted my lonely life  
Up to that noble one,  
Lovingly as the spring bud  
Lifts itself to the sun.  
I thought to speak to the vision,  
To ask would it always stay;  
But the sound of my voice dispelled it,  
And it silently faded away.  
But as long as I live on the earth,  
Or in the heavens above,  
I will bless the hour and the vision  
Of beauty, of life, and love.

Mrs. S. M. R.

**HOW A FRENCH ACTRESS WON A NOBLEMAN.**—At a fair given for the benefit of the poor at one of the Paris theaters, a very pretty actress presided over one of the stands, when a Russian nobleman, who chanced to be present, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The prince passed on; but returned to the stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said, rather thoughtfully, to the actress: "Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselle?" "With pleasure, sir," "Have you a betrothed?" She eyed him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and a smile: "No, sir." "Would you like to have one?" "That depends upon circumstances," she said, laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" So saying he handed her his card. She was greatly surprised, and finally stammered that she would give him an answer the next day. On the following morning he called at her house. The reply was in the affirmative, and a happy wife.

The people of Los Angeles took a very unique method of preventing a threatened influx of Chinese laborers. A party of 600 arrived there a few days ago and camped near the depot. The citizens immediately started a report that the peculiarity of the climate causes them to grow to a formidable length, and that Indians invariably seize Chinamen by their elongated appendage and wring their heads off. A few minutes before the time for the departure of the train for Indian Wells, the Chinese seized their baggage, dashed it from the cars, and stampeded over the hills and out of sight.

A negro was found dead in Georgia, having fallen and broken his neck while stealing chickens from a high roost. He was a class leader in a church, and his pastor, in preaching his funeral sermon, was bothered by the question where the soul of the dead brother had gone. "His well-known piety," said the preacher, "indicates that he died a Christian; yet there are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

Right in one thing becomes a preliminary towards right in everything; the transition is not distant from the feeling which tells us that we should do harm to no man, to that which tells us that we should do good to all men.

The cheapness and excellence of cider in New England, this year, combine to play havoc with the temperance societies.

## Teachers' Association.

The second district association for the Third Commissioner's District will be held at Sand Bank, January 12th and 13th, 1877.

## Program.

Saturday morning, 9:15 to 9:30—Opening exercises.  
9:30 to 10:15—Reading, S. R. Trumbull.  
10:15 to 11—Arithmetic, Robert Baker.  
11 to 11:15—Intermission.  
11:15 to 12—Drawing, Mrs. Mary Calkins.  
Afternoon, 1:30 to 2:15—Spelling, Clara Woodbury.  
2:15 to 3—Geography, G. W. Hawley.  
3 to 3:15—Intermission.  
3:15 to 4—Grammar, S. H. Barlow.  
There will be a lecture on Friday evening.

A cordial invitation is extended to all teachers. We hope each teacher in the third district will make an especial effort to be present at this, our last association during the winter.

ORVILLE GURLEY.

## Ratio of Taxation.

The Committee of the Board of Supervisors to apportion taxes and make ratios, reported yesterday. The following is the ratio for the several towns and the city of Oswego. These figures represent the tax levy upon each one hundred dollars valuation by the assessors:

Albion,	1.167
Amboy,	1.167
Boylston,	1.28
Constantia,	2.18
Granby,	2.591
Hannibal,	1.238
Hastings,	0.813
Mexico,	0.7363
New Haven,	0.786
Orwell,	0.72
Oswego Town,	1.735
Oswego City,	2.591
Palermo,	1.123
Parish,	1.867
Redfield,	1.113
Richland,	1.115
Sandy Creek,	1.20
Schroepell,	0.91
Scriba,	0.838
Volney,	1.735
West Monroe,	2.732
Williamstown,	1.162

—Osw. Times, Jan. 4th.

## Instructive Sunday School Exercises.

Last Sunday evening the M. E. Sunday School of this village, had exercises describing some of the principal events and persons mentioned in the International Lessons for 1876. It was the intention to have this review during the time of the regular session of the school, Dec. 31st—there being no lesson for that date; but in consequence of the storm then, there was no Sunday School, and the exercises were put off until the above-mentioned time. The following were the subjects and speakers:

Life of David—C. B. Thomson.  
Solomon and his Temple—T. W. Skinner.

Day of Pentecost—Rev. S. P. Gray.  
Paul—Mrs. T. W. Skinner.  
Stephen—H. L. Barton.  
Peter—Geo. W. Baker.

The essays upon these subjects showed thought and careful preparation, and everything possible was done to make the occasion interesting and productive of good.

Rev. J. H. McCab, pastor of the Baptist church, made some brief and appropriate remarks.

The exercises were interspersed with the singing of many of those familiar and stirring pieces, which added much to the interest of the occasion.

Grace Church.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers that the Rev. F. B. A. Lewis, M. D., of Watertown, N. Y., will hold service each Sunday morning and evening in Grace (Episcopal) Church, of this village, at the usual hour, until further notice.

We are also gratified to learn that Dr. Lewis comes to us to work, not for emolument, but for the "Master cause" and the welfare of this Parish.

MASONIC.—At the annual convocation of Mexico Chapter, No. 135, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

T. W. Skinner—High Priest.  
E. Robinson—King.  
L. E. Alfred—Scribe.  
G. W. Bradner—C. H.  
J. G. VanBuren—P. S.  
E. L. Huntington—M. A. C.  
Geo. A. Penfield—M. 3 V.  
Wm. H. Richardson—M. 2 V.  
Wm. A. Tillapaugh—M. 1 V.  
S. L. Alexander—Treas.  
H. H. Dobson—Sec'y.

On Friday evening last about forty persons, mostly young married people, under their pastor (Rev. Jas. P. Stratton), and his wife, a visit. It is needless to state that the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

The Sandy Creek News came to us last week in a new form—a seven column folio. We think the change will be much liked, especially by the business men of Sandy Creek. The News is an excellent local paper, and we are glad to learn of its prosperity.

One of our neighbors was complaining the other day about the amount of snow, and wondering, when it went off, what would become of the village. Otis McChesney, who is quite a philosopher in his way, told his friend not to worry about the snow, for the "Lord has a place prepared for it."

## MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:  
Flour, (retail) 8 1/2 cts, red 7 1/2 cts, 8 25  
Meal, 5 cts, (retail) 0 00 @ 1 20  
Shorts, 5 cts, 0 00 @ 1 20  
Shipments, 5 cts, 0 00 @ 1 20  
Middlings, 5 cts, 0 00 @ 1 20  
Cows, 5 cts, 0 00 @ 1 20  
Oats, 5 cts, 0 00 @ 1 20

## PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Eggs, 20 @ 26  
Lard, 20 @ 24  
Cheese, 9 @ 13  
Lard, 13  
Eggs, 20 @ 26  
Beef 1/2 lb, 05 @ 12  
Beef, 1/2 cwt, \$4 @ 56  
Mutton, 1/2 cwt, \$8 @ 57  
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, \$17  
Pork, 1/2 cwt, \$20 @ 57  
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb, 04  
Ham, 1/2 lb, 11  
Dried Poultry, 1/2 lb, 8 @ 10  
Potatoes, 1/2 bush, \$1.00  
Beef Hides, per lb, 6

## Housesports Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.90; Spring, \$1.85.  
Kerosene oil, 20 cts per gallon.  
One Dollar Tea, 75 " per lb.  
Salt, \$1.30 & \$1.50.  
50th Butter Tubs, 30 cents.  
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts. 1/2 gal.  
See the poor can have cheaper.  
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Mexico, June 26, 1876.

A LONG-LIVED FAMILY.—The following are the ages of the brothers and sisters of Charles L. Webb of this village:

William, 80; Thomas, 77; Nehemiah, 75; Lewis, 73; Henry, 71; Susan, 69; Mary, 67; Charles, 61; Edward, 59.

The total of the ages of these nine brothers and sisters is 632 years, making the average age of each 70 2/3 years.

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